

HERBIE POPNECKER IS SOMETHING VERY, VERY SPECIAL. SOMETHING LIKE THE NEW FRONTIER, EXCEPT THAT HE'S THE FAT FRONTIER. HE'S GOT POWERS THAT HE HASN'T EVEN TRIED YET. DON'T BOTHER WRITING IN TO TELL US YOU DON'T BELIEVE IN HERBIE, BECAUSE HE DOESN'T BELIEVE IN YOU. JUST TIE YOURSELF TO THE NEAREST CHAIR, SCREAM WITH FRIGHT AND DARE TO READ THE TERROR TALE OF

HERBIE and the LOCH NESS MONSTER!

**STORY:
SHANE
O'SHEA
ART:
OGDEN
WHITNEY**



**QUIET SATURDAY MORNING
AT HERBIE'S HOUSE...**

I'VE TOLD THAT WORTHLESS, LAZY SON OF OURS A DOZEN TIMES TO START GETTING ALL THAT WOOD CHOPPED! WHERE IS HE, ANYWAY?

PLEASE REMEMBER YOUR BLOOD PRESSURE. HE HASN'T COME DOWN YET-- PROBABLY BUSY UPSTAIRS.



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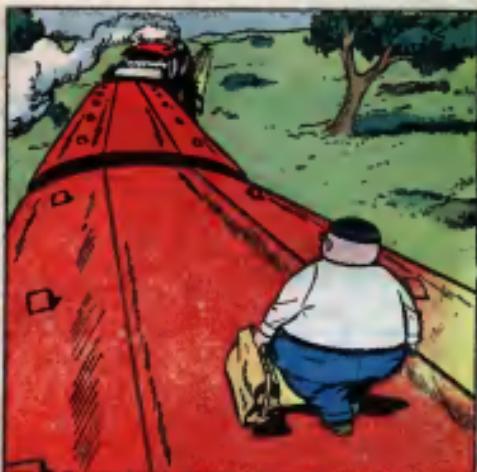
BUT WHEN DAD CHECKED...

BUSY, EH?
I THOUGHT
SO!

HERBIE!
GO DOWN
AND START
CHOPPING
THAT WOOD,
OR SO HELP
ME...

YOU CAN WORK UP
AN APPETITE FOR
BREAKFAST. IF YOU
WANT TO EAT, SHOW
ME A DENT IN
THAT PILE.





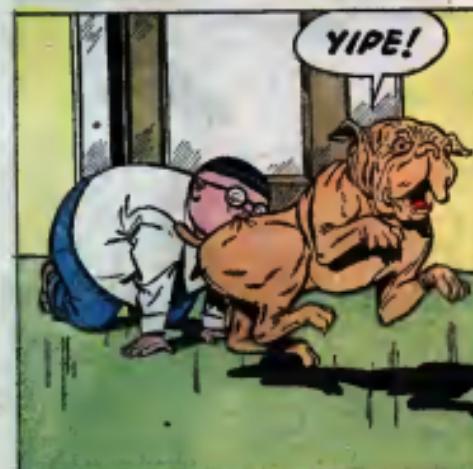




HMM... LET'S
SEE... WHAT'S
THE BEST WAY
TO GET IN?



WELL...IT DIDN'T QUITE DO
THE JOB--



(CONTINUED ON PAGE AFTER NEXT)

HANDS ACROSS
THE SEA STUFF
CAME TO SQUELCH
THE LOCH NESS
MONSTER.

YOU REALIZE
WHAT YOU'RE UP
AGAINST? I'VE
GOT THE LATEST
OFFICIAL PICTURES
...LET ME SHOW
YOU.



SEE IF THERE'S NO DEFEATING
IT! AND AS FOR THE DAMAGE
IT'S DONE, YOU'VE SEEN ONLY
PART OF IT. WE'VE HAD TO
ESTABLISH A SPECIAL
BASE HOSPITAL NEAR
LOCH NESS...



CHIN
UP!

CHIN
UP!

THEY'RE TRYING
TO BE CHEERFUL
...BUT YOU CAN SEE
HOW DANGEROUS
THAT MONSTER IS!





BUT WHEN THEY RECOGNIZED HERBIE,
THEY WERE HAPPY TO COOPERATE—

I WANT THE LOWDOWN
ON THIS MONSTER
CHARACTER. WHAT'S
THE BEST WAY TO
FIX HIS WAGON?

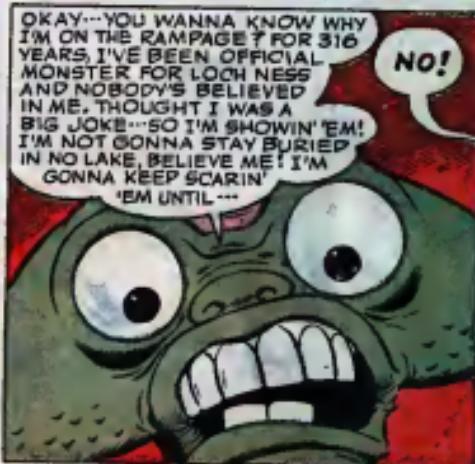
LOCH NESS, YOU
SAY? WELL LOOK
HIM UP IN OUR
MONSTER FILE.
ANYTHING TO HELP
YOU OUT, HERBIE!

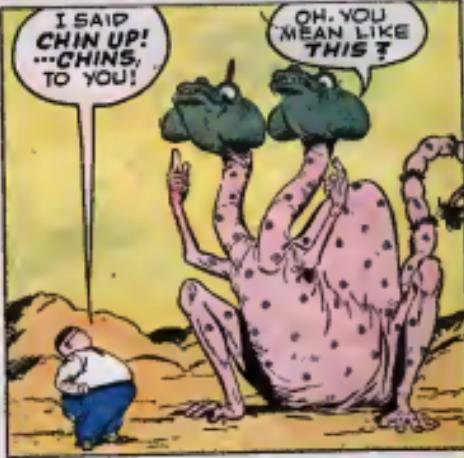
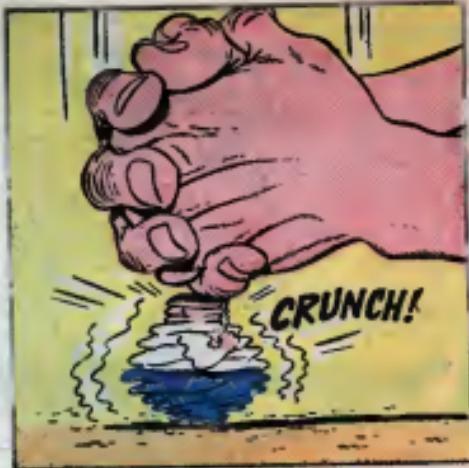
HERE HE IS... OH, OH, HE'S
MIGHTY TOUGH! TOUGHEST
MONSTER WE EVER SENT
OUT... WON THE CHAMPION-
SHIP FOR TOUGH

MONSTERS
400 YEARS
RUNNING.
NOTHING
WE CAN
DO ABOUT
HIM... SORRY
WE CAN'T
HELP.

OH, WELL AS
USUAL, I'VE
GOT TO HANDLE
THESE THINGS
MYSELF.







AND SO THE LOCH NESS MONSTER RETURNED
TO THE UNKNOWN FROM WHENCE HE HAD
COME...

PLEASE FELLAS
LET ME STAY AND
NEVER BUDGE
OUTA HERE
AGAIN, HUH?

CRASH!

...AND FOR YOUR BRAVE
AND NOBLE SERVICES
TO THE CROWN OF ENGLAND,
I KNIGHT YOU DUKE OF
POPNECKER!

TELL ME HERBIE
...DON'T YOU THINK
I'M PRETTIER THAN
LADYBIRDS?

TO TELL YOU
THE TRUTH, I
KNOW MOSTLY
FROM LOLLIPOPS!

LATER--BACK HOME...

ISN'T IT WONDERFUL
THAT THE LOCH NESS
MONSTER SEEMS TO
HAVE DISAPPEARED?
WHY, IT MIGHT HAVE
MENACED THE ENTIRE
BRITISH EMPIRE! IT'S
GOOD NEWS, ALL
RIGHT...

YES--BUT NOW
PREPARE YOUR-
SELF FOR SOME
BAD NEWS!
LOOK!

THAT LITTLE FAT NOTHING
OF A SON OF OURS IS BACK
FROM HIS GRANDFATHER'S.
IF THAT BOY EVER DOES
ANYTHING WORTHWHILE,
I'LL DIE OF THE
SHOCK!



HERE'S HERBIE!



Look. I'm a man of few words. You all know who I am...won't waste time on jerky introductions. Editor wanted to run this Department with a lot of fancy talk. Had to hop him and take over. Want to have an understanding with all you readers. Promise to bring you great stories. Greatest in the world. All about me and every word true. In return, you buy every issue or get clabbered. Another thing—write and tell me how you like my new magazine. Address: "HERBIE", American Comics Group, 331 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Better write—I get mad easy. Be nice and your letter might even get published. Here are the sort of letters that made 'em give me my own magazine. Go ahead. Read.

"Dear Editor:-

One look at the cover of the new issue of 'Forbidden Worlds' was enough to tell me, 'Herbie's back!' With shaking hands, I snatched the comic from the tack. I tossed fifteen cents to the store-keeper on my way out and, not even waiting for my change, beat it home just as fast as my little legs could carry me. At home I ran into great danger, my two younger brothers foaming at the mouth as they struggled desperately for the comic; all the while screaming 'Gimme-gimme, it's gnt Herbie in it!' Only after I had battled my way to my room and barred the door could I enjoy the fathomless pleasure of reading a brand new Herbie adventure. After living through three Herbie stories, I have arrived at the only possible solution to the problem—give Herbie a book of his own—before he takes matters into his own hands! I am hereby casting my vote (a lollipop) in favor of giving Herbie a book of his own!

—James H. Palmer,

6518 Belcrest, Houston 17, Texas."

Well—they gave me my book, didn't they? What were do you want? James H. Palmer, bub? I'm keeping my eye on you...

"Dear Editor:-

We, the members of the Herbie Popnecker Fan Club, Rutgers University branch, feel it is unfair to our hero to limit his appear-

ance to only an occasional story. A fellow like Herbie, who displays such sterling devotion to American ideals and does so with such humor and ingenuity, ought to have a whole magazine to himself. We humbly plead with you to give us more of Herbie!

—The Herbie Popnecker Fan Club

Jean C. Presentt, President

Sandra J. Bailey, Vice-President

Judy E. Freund, Secretary-Treasurer

Laura A. Johnston, Historian

What are you dames yelling about? You're reading me now—whole book full of me and you deserve it. But you're good kids. Let's see...Jean, Sandra, Judy and Laura...remind me not to hop you.

"Dear Editor:-

There it was... "HERBIE"!...you can guess the result. I bought FW No. 116 without further examination. "Herbie Goes To The Devil"—topnotch once more! The ridiculous, yet delightful idiocy once more prevailed in this strip. The puns and parodies—excellent! Herbie deserves his own comic by now, I'm positive you'll agree.

—Paul Gambaccini,

8 Elizabeth Dr., Westport, Conn.

I'll say the Editor agreed—he's chicken. All I did was break both his arms and—you're reading it.

"Dear Editor:-

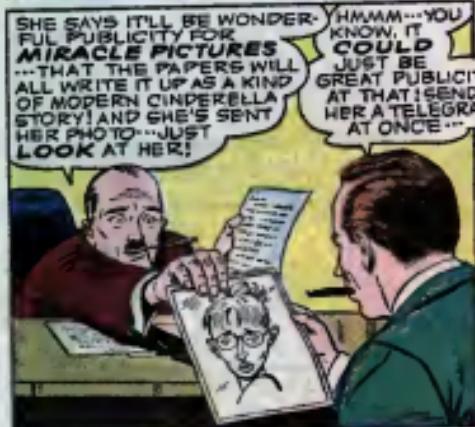
I am 22 years old and a recent graduate of Brown University in Providence, R. I. Congratulations to you for Herbie Popnecker, who is one of the most aware characters in all of American literature—my major at the University. Herbie's imperturbable way is very reminiscent of Melville's Ishmael and the lollipop stands as the perfect symbol of the modern anti-child-hero. Herbie swings with his Buddha nature like today's super-heroes never dared!

—Barry Walter,

65 John Street, Providence, R. I."

This character makes with long words. With me, it's get in my way and *Wham!* Can't be bothered with details.

NELLIE NO-DATE





LISTEN, YOU---YOU PEOPLE,
YOU! GOT BIG NEWS ABOUT
NEXT ISSUE. JUST
LISTEN--AND LOOK!



SCENE FROM THE LEAD
FEATURE---"**BIG FAT MESS**
AT THE OKAY CORRAL!"
ONLY THE GREATEST STORY
EVER WRITTEN, THAT'S
ALL. TRUE STORY, TOO.
I WAS THERE--
AND WAIT TILL
YOU SEE HOW
I WAS THERE!



CRAZY IF YOU THINK
THAT'S ALL. FOR THE
SAME LOW PRICE, YOU
GET TO SEE ME
GIVE OUT IN---
"PROFESSOR
FLIPDOME'S
SCREWY
MACHINE!"

JUST WATCH
ME GET OUT
OF THIS FIX.
NO WISE CRACKS,
OR I'LL **BEE-BOP**
YOU WITH THIS HERE
LOLLIPOP!



ORDERS FROM HERBIE: "OKAY, YOU SQUARES. IT'S A DATE
FOR **HERBIE NO. 4**, SEPTEMBER ISSUE---ON SALE AT ALL SMART
NEWSSTANDS BY MID-JULY. OF COURSE, YOU DON'T HAVE TO BUY IT
---YOU CAN BE STUPID. ONLY MEANS BLOOD, FRACTURES, TEETH SCATTERED
AROUND. NOT NICE. BETTER BUY."

BUY "HERBIE!"

HERBIE'S TYPICAL TUESDAY

It was a bright Tuesday that Herbie awoke to, but he felt tired and lethargic. A good day to take things easy, he decided. Relax. Don't extend yourself, except to climb into the hammock for a quiet snooze. And there was nothing in the way of complete comfort, because this happened to be a school holiday—which was why he had slept late in the first place. *Plop, plop, plop*—that was he descending the stairs. And there was his mother at the phone, a worried look on her face as she spoke breathlessly to her special friend, Mrs. McGillicuddy. "I—I parked the car in front of the house and forgot to put on the brakes," she was saying in woebegone tones, "and it rolled down the hill and into the lake! Oh, I'm so afraid to tell my husband when he comes home for lunch...."

There was only one thing to do. A hurried breakfast, a donning of swim trunks under his clothes and down to the lake trudged Herbie Popnecker, Mr. Three-By-Three. He could have dived in, but he didn't, because if he had he might have caused a tidal wave. He just walked in, walked along the bottom under 20 feet of water. There it was. Looked different. Wet, that was why. Herbie stooped, grasped the automobile by its front axle and lifted it up, staring at it thoughtfully. Have to get a new one someday soon. Showing wear. He flipped his hand upward and the car shot to the surface, left the water, soared gracefully through the air and landed lightly in the grass bordering the lake. There was a churning of water—that was Herbie as he strode out and approached the dripping automobile. Wet. Dad would be sure to know what had happened. He dried the car, thoroughly with a searing look and pushed it back up the street because he was too young to drive. That was that. He'd done what he had to because, after all, a fella had obligations to his mother. Now for a good, relaxing rest in the hammock....

But the hammock wasn't for him—not yet, anyway. There came Dad up the walk, home for lunch. He didn't like to see Herbie in the hammock. Funny that way. Oh, well—so Herbie would eat. It wasn't exactly a pleasant meal, because Dad was worried. Plenty worried! It seems that he had made a large investment in a tract of land down in Flor-

ida on which he had intended to build a golf course. He had sunk every cent he owned into this land, and now that it was bought, he had discovered too late that it was covered almost completely by a big mountain! And now he was sunk, bankrupt. Nothing could be done. Other men had sons who could help them, but not Mr. Popnecker!

Wearily, Herbie pushed back his chair and left the room. Outside, he plodded heavily up into the air, stifling a yawn. *Plop, plop, plop*—that was he trudging through the sky. He looked down sleepily. Yeah, that was Florida, all right. And that was Dad's property. Tch, tch. Sure was a big mountain on it. Herbie stared thoughtfully at it and it stared back at him meanly. Almost as if it were saying, "Wanna make something out of it, *Bub*?" Well, if there was one thing that he couldn't stand, it was tough mountains. Slowly, he extracted his stock of lollipops and inspected them one by one. Orange. Okay for sudden death. Lemon. Best for mayhem. Lime. For large elephants or small dinosaurs. Chocolate. For riots and public disturbances. Grape. Best for giants and runaway horses. Butterscotch. For rebellious armies, that one. Ah—here it was at last. Cinnamon—for bopping tough mountains!

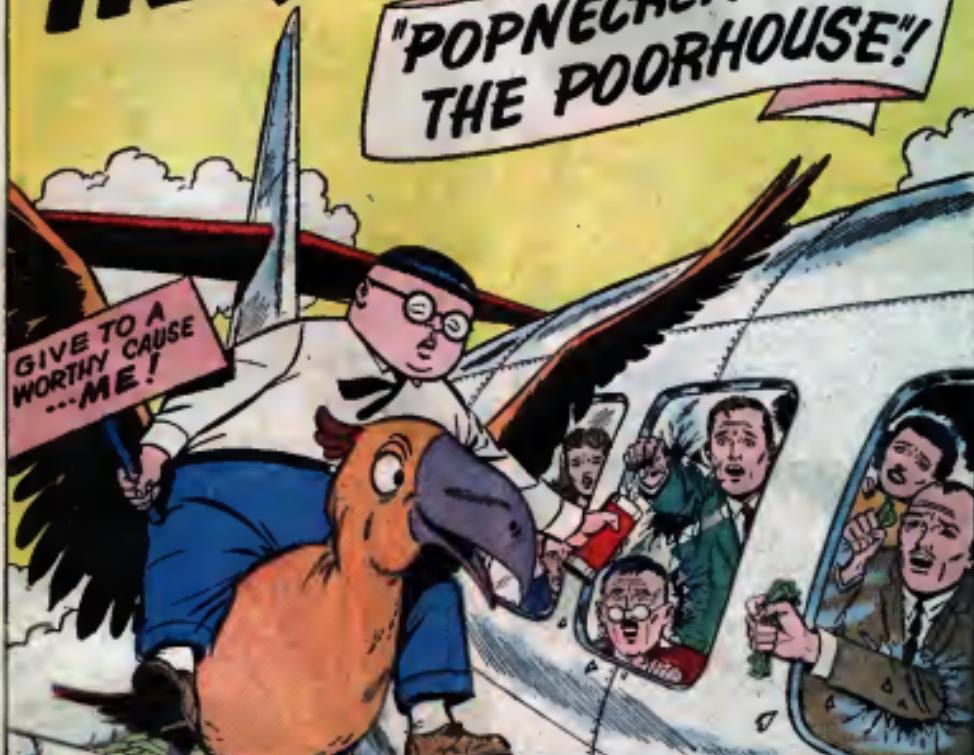
Wham! A terrific shock wave, with dirt and rocks flying in all directions. And when the dust cleared, the mountain had vanished. In its place was a pleasantly rolling terrain, already laid out in greens and fairways. "Better order more of the cinnamon," thought Herbie appetizingly. "Get things done." Another walk through the Heavens—*plop, plop, plop*—and he was home again, to find Dad breathless with happy excitement. Already he had received telegrams offering him a hundred times what he had paid for that Florida land. Herbie sighed wearily and headed for the hammock. He felt that he had earned a rest. But even as he settled into it with a gurgling, fat sigh, he heard his father's tones. "Where's that little *fat* snotbird of a son of ours?" he was saying. "Wasting his time doing nothing as usual, I suppose!"

Another sigh. That was Herbie getting out of the hammock. Yes, there was no doubt about it. It was a typical Tuesday for him!

FEEL IN THE PINK? BEEN SLEEPING WELL LATELY? THE FAT FURY
WILL CHANGE ALL THAT, PAL. GET SET FOR A BREAKDOWN AND A REAL
FRACTURE WHEN YOU MEET UP WITH THE ONE AND ONLY---

HERBIE

"POPNECKER SAVES THE POORHOUSE!"



STORY: SHANE
O'SHEA

ART: OGDEN
WHITNEY

DAD WAS HIPPED ON A NEW IDEA...

WHY NOT ME? WHY
SHOULDN'T I BE ELECTED
PRESIDENT OF THE
CHAMBER OF COMMERCE?
A GREAT HONOR LIKE
THAT--WHY, IT WOULD
BE THE MAKING
OF ME!

I DON'T KNOW
WHAT COULD
STOP YOU---A
FINE MAN LIKE
YOU. THEY'D
HAVE TO BE
CRAZY NOT
TO ELECT
YOU.





NOPE---WOULDN'T
LIKE IT FOR ANYTHING.



WHOEVER'S ELECTED PRESIDENT OF THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE JUST **HAS TO** HAVE A RECORD OF PUBLIC-SPRITED CHARITY. MY OPPONENTS FOR THE JOB HAVE ALL THE AVAILABLE CHARITIES ALREADY TIED UP--WHAT'S LEFT FOR ME TO GO INTO?

WELL, CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME--AND SINCE MY HOME IS GONNA BE THE POOR-HOUSE...



I'VE GOT IT---**THE POORHOUSE!** IT WAS A STROKE OF GENIUS ON MY PART TO THINK OF IT!

BUT DAD--
WHAT DO YOU
KNOW ABOUT
COLLECTING
MONEY FOR
CHARITY?



WELL, DAD PLAYED IT FOXY. IF HE DIDN'T KNOW, THERE WERE PROFESSIONALS WHO DID--LIKE THE FIRM OF **TINKLEBERRY AND OBSENDORFER**, FOR EXAMPLE...

I PICKED YOU PEOPLE BECAUSE YOU JUST STARTED IN BUSINESS, AND I FIGURED THAT NEW BROOMS WOULD SWEEP CLEAN. NOW, MY CAMPAIGN FOR A BETTER POORHOUSE...

SAY NO MORE.
SUCH A
WORTHY CHARITY
AND WITH A PUBLIC-
SPIRITED MAN LIKE
YOU BEHIND IT--IT'LL
BE A CINCH,
MR. POPNECKER!



AND SO THE BIG CAMPAIGN BEGAN...



AND WHEN THE DRIVE
WAS OVER...

ALL WE WANT YOU TO DO
IS SIGN THAT RECEIPT FOR
THE MONEY WE COLLECTED
FOR YOU. IT'S FOR SUCH A
GOOD CAUSE THAT WE
REFUSE TO TAKE A CENT
FOR OUR COLLECTION
WORK!

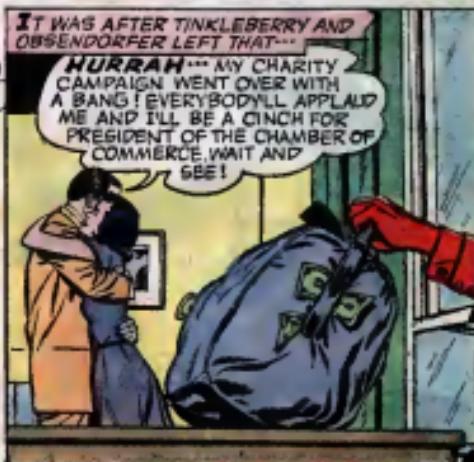
THANKS, MR.
TINKLEBERRY
--MR. OBENDORFER.
THAT SURE IS
SWELL OF
YOU!

AH---YOUR
LITTLE SON,
I PRESUME?
MANLY LITTLE
LAD--

??



OOPS!
SORRY--HE
DOES THINGS
LIKE THAT EVERY
ONCE IN AWHILE!
HEH-HEH--



BUT SEEING HIS PARENTS' AGITATION,
HERBIE KNEW HE HAD TO DO SOMETHING...

I GOT TO GET THAT STOLEN MONEY BACK. JOB COULD HAVE BEEN DONE BY SOMEONE WHO COMES AROUND HERE REGULARLY, LIKE THAT NEW MILKMAN. BETTER WATCH HIM-- BUT HE MUSTN'T SUSPECT IT--



SO--WHEN THE MILKMAN CAME WITH HIS NEXT DELIVERY...

MY, WHAT A PRETTY BABY!



HMM--THE WAY HE LOOKS, THERE MUST BE SOMETHING WRONG WITH HIM-- I'VE GOT IT! IT'S HIS BOTTLE--IT'S EMPTY! --DON'T YOU WORRY, BABYKINS, I'LL FILL IT FOR YOU.



THERE, PRECIOUS, BABY BOTTLE ALL FILLED!--SAY, THAT'S A FUNNY PACIFIER HE'S GOT. IF I DIDN'T KNOW BETTER, I COULD SWEAR THAT'S A LOLLIPOP ON THE OTHER END!



PUTIFULLY, HERBIE DRANK AND THE MILKMAN REFILLED--TIME AND AGAIN...

I DON'T GET IT--NEVER SAW SUCH A BABY--HE'S GONE THROUGH MY WHOLE WAGONLOAD OF MILK!-- ER--DO YOU HAVE TO LOOK AT ME LIKE THAT, BABY?

:GLUG!:;



DOPEY MILK--



WHEW---I'M GLAD
TO GET AWAY!
NEVER SAW A
BABY WHO COULD
STARE AT A
FELLA LIKE
THAT...

YOWP!
H-HE'S HERE
AGAIN!

NOPE... COULDN'T
HAVE BEEN HIM...
TOO SCAREY TO
PULL A ROBBERY...

NEXT SUSPECT, THE POSTMAN. HERBIE
DETERMINED TO WATCH HIM---DISGUISED,
SO THERE'D BE NO SUSPICION---KEEP MY
EYE ON HIM
---HE'LL NEVER
KNOW ME IN
THIS GETUP...

PHWEET!

MAIL!

HELLO,
HERBIE!

WISE
GUY!

I'VE GOT TO SNIFF OUT A
CLUE SOMEHOW---WAIT A SECOND
---**SNIFF OUT** A CLUE! THERE'S
ONLY ONE WAY TO DO THAT
---DISGUISE MYSELF AS
A DOG!

SNIFF OUT
A CLUE---HERE
GOES...

(CONTINUED ON PAGE AFTER NEXT)



I'LL GO DIRECTLY
TO MR. BIG...JOHNSON
HIMSELF. AFTER ALL,
WHAT'S HE PRESIDENT
FOR?

WON'T GET
OUT UNTIL YOU
MAKE A BIG
CONTRIBUTION.

OKAY,
HERBIE,
OKAY!
YOU
WIN --

WORTHY CAUSE!
--OR MAYBE YOU'D RATHER
HAVE ME SEND PICTURES
OF YOU TO YOUR
BOYFRIENDS--?

**WE'LL
CONTRIBUTE!**

CONTRIBUTION
TO KEEP MY
FATHER OUT
OF JAIL?

SURE SURE
--**GULP!**
ANYTHING
YOU SAY!



YES, HERBIE'S CAMPAIGN
TOOK HIM EVERYWHERE...

OOH, HOW
I LOVE THAT
CARY
GRANT!

SH-HHH!
HE'S GONNA
KISS DORIS
DAY NOW...



:AHEM!:



WORTHY
CAUSE, FAR
BE IT FROM
ME TO BUTT
IN---

OKAY, JUST
BUTT **OUT**...
IN A BIG FAT
HURRY!



FINALLY... NICE LOT I'VE COLLECTED
--BE EVEN NICER IF I COULD
GET **MORE**. GOT A GREAT IDEA
...TINKLEBERRY AND
OBSENDORFER, THOSE
FUND-RAISERS WHO DID SUCH
A GREAT JOB FOR DAD...
MAYBE THEY'D LIKE
ANOTHER CRACK
AT IT.



GO AWAY!
WE'RE
CELEBRATING!

TINKLEBERRY
AND
OBSENDORFER
CHARITY CHURCH
FUND-RAISERS

WON'T DO. GOT TO
GET IN TO SEE
THEM SOME-
HOW...

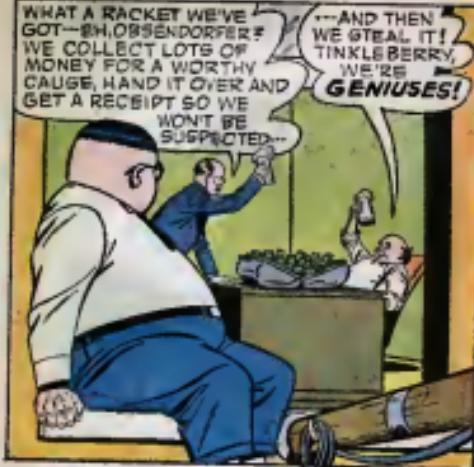
KNOCK!
KNOCK!



27TH FLOOR
---THIS IS IT.

SKREEEEEEE



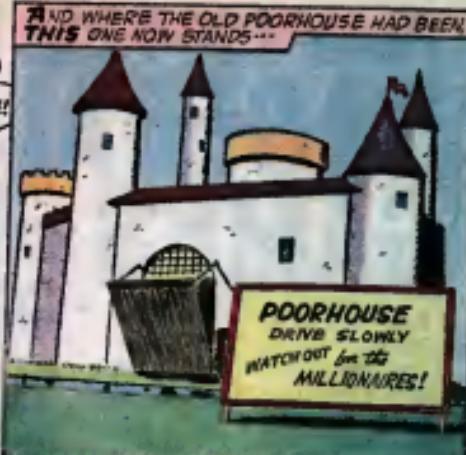




WANT TO SEE PART OF THE OUTCOME? LOOK--HERE ARE THE

RESULTS OF THE ELECTION.
IT'S UNANIMOUS--MR. POPNECKER
HAS BEEN ELECTED PRESIDENT
OF THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE!
YESSIR, A RICHLY-DESERVED
REWARD FOR HIS NOBLE
EFFORTS!

AND WHERE THE OLD POORHOUSE HAD BEEN
THIS ONE NOW STANDS--



The END.

Brother, can YOU spare A DIME 10¢?

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STRENGTH-POWERED with 520 MIGHTY MUSCLES!
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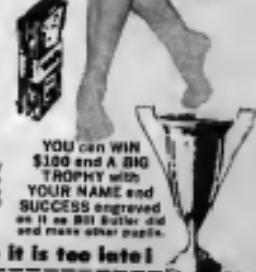
In this AMAZING NEW BOOK in colors, Jam-full with 120 PHOTOS of STRONG MEN and CHAMPIONS once WEAKER
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YOUR NAME and
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N°3
AUGUST

IND.

AMERICAN
COMIC BOOK
COMPANY

MAKE WAY FOR
the FAT FURY...

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

12¢

HERBIE

H-HELP!
W-WHAT ARE YOU
GOING TO DO TO
US, HERBIE?

YOU WANT
I SHOULD BOP YOU
WITH THIS HERE
LOLLIPOP?

